

SEVEN THOUSAND WINDOW DISPLAYS

Evidence of a Unique Fraternity

The St. Bernard Mining Co., of this town, in connection with nearly seven thousand large retail druggists all over the United States, is joining in making a big display of Vinol during this week of November first, which indicates the fraternal conditions which exist among the retail druggists who are Vinol agents all over the United States; in fact they are organized into what is called the Vinol Club throughout the country, from coast to coast. Twice a year they make simultaneous window displays of this valuable preparation, for which they have enjoyed the exclusive sale for many years.

Traveling salesmen and tourists often remark and wonder how it is that they see such fine displays of Vinol in every town where they go during Vinol Week, spring and fall, and ask what it means.

The attractive window displays that these enterprising druggists make are a feature of their store, and they are to be congratulated upon their connection with Vinol and enterprise in this respect.

St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated. Drug Department.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" STRAIGHTEN YOU UP

Tonight! Clean your bowels and end headaches, cold, sour stomach

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and bad cold—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels, or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food, take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken.

New Skating Rink

At Madisonville
Red Fugate and Buck Waltrip have rented the armory and will open an up-to-date skating rink Saturday night. New skates have been ordered and everything will be in readiness for the opening.

Do You Trust your Watch

You've seen people look at their watch and then ask some one else the time of day.

He can't trust his watch.

If yours is that kind, you'd better throw it away.

If you're going to buy a new watch, be sure that you get a trustworthy watch, one that can swear by; one that you can catch the train by, or keep an engagement by.

We sell trustworthy watches and guarantee them.

L. C. WILEY

THE VALUE OF A QUAIL

An Analysis Gives Actual Contents in the Stomach Of a Single Bird.

Five hundred and sixty-eight mosquitoes, one hundred and nine potato beetles, two thousand and three hundred and twenty-six plant lice, one hundred and thirty-nine grasshoppers, twelve squash bugs, twelve cut worms, twelve army worms and eight white bugs—all these, says the State Game Warden of Tennessee, have been found in the stomach of a common quail.

"What would that bird and its mate have been worth to you?" he asks, "if they had reared their little brood on your farm?"

The interesting and appalling menu shows that the birds protect not only crops and orchards, but also the health of men and animals. Many of the insects they destroy are carriers of disease. A bull bat, we are told, will devour a thousand mosquitoes in one twilight; given due safety and encouragement, a family of bull bats should suffice to free any neighborhood of mosquitoes and prevent many cases of illness as well as incalculable discomfort.

Commenting upon the Tennessee game warden's statement, the Courier-Journal well observes that too many farmers look upon birds "either with indifference or with enmity." A bird which now and then grabs a grain of corn or wheat, a berry or a cherry is regarded as a chronic marauder, whereas he pays in service many times over for all that he gets. In fact, he is a reliable every-day farm hand, working seven days in the week, rain or shine, and taking no half-holiday. The birds are busy with the break of dawn, and sometimes they work far into the night. They deserve protection for the good they do. There are thousands of farmers who need to look at the bird question from a new view point.

In most Southern States the last few years have witnessed a popular awakening to the value of insect destroying birds and the importance of protecting them. The means to this end that are already in force should be upheld and encouraged by everyone, particularly by the farmers, who are so closely indebted to birds.

Birthday Dinner.

A Birthday Dinner was given Mr. P. E. Hawkins by his wife Sunday the 28th, he was 54 years old, those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Hawkins and four children, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Morris and children, Mrs. Horace Tolby and 2 children, of St. Charles, Mrs. Tishy Oirts and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Hawkins, of Hanson, Mrs. Tina Bean, Mrs. Birtie Marks and 4 children also of Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Riley Stanley near Providence church, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hawkins, Miss Ida Ashby near Anton and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Herb and 2 children all spent a pleasant day.

ESTRAY OR STOLEN

Dark-red Jersey cow, dehorned, with white spots, one on forehead, brown spot on left side behind shoulder. Disappeared from my home in Earlinton last Friday morning. Any information will be appreciated. Please, return to the owner, J. C. WILEY.



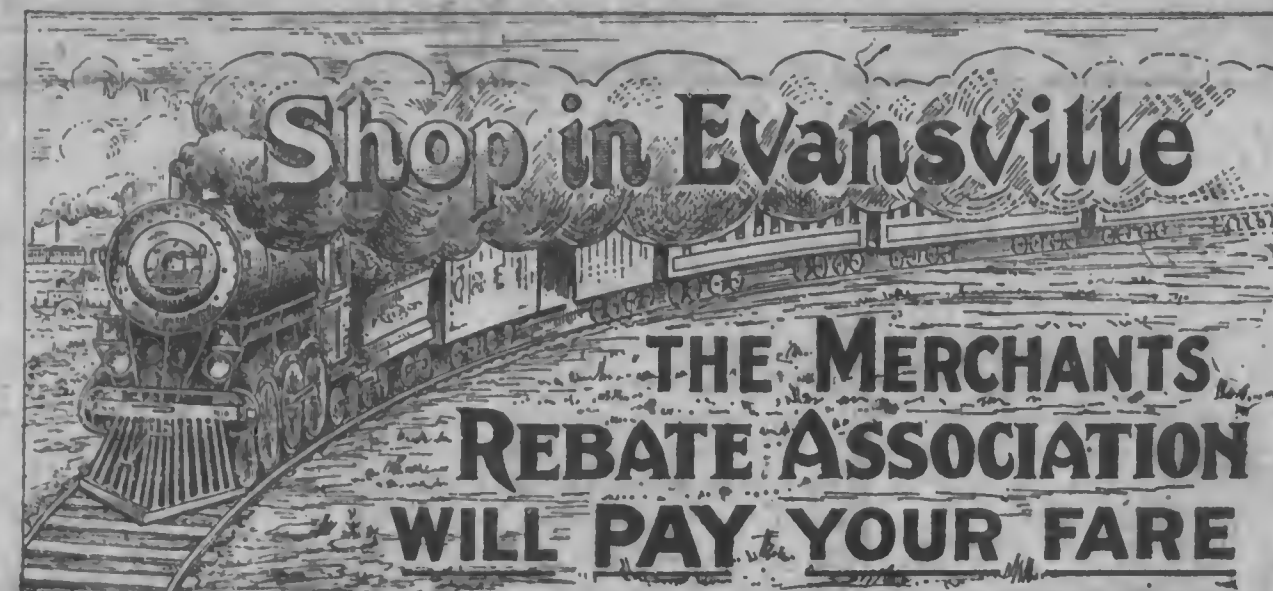
To Members of Company "G"

The Reel "Army Life"

Taken at Lexington, when Company "G" and other Companies were there this summer on encampment will be shown at

The Idle Hour, Wednesday Night, November 4th

Come and bring your folks and let them see you in moving pictures



Football Game at Madisonville

The Madisonville and Hopkinsville Football teams will play at the Fair Grounds at Madisonville Saturday afternoon.

The game will be called at 3:15. These teams are evenly matched and the game promises to be one of the best of the season.

BAD COLD! HEADACHY AND NOSE STUFFED

"Pape's Cold Compound" end colds and grippe in a few hours

Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until you have taken three doses, then all gripe misery goes and your cold will be broken. It promptly opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffing. Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Accept no substitutes.

Toned Up Whole System.

"Chamberlain's Tablets have done more for me than I ever dared hope for," writes Mrs. Esther Mae Baker, Spencerport, N. Y. "I used several bottles of these tablets a few months ago. They not only cured me of biliousness, but also of indigestion and constipation. I feel better than ever before. For all my ailments, I feel better than ever before. For all my ailments, I feel better than ever before."

WHITE CITY IS RAIDED

Lone Watchman at Kingston's Overpowered and Beaten by Mob

About midnight last night a band of marauders, numbering forty of fifty or more according to varying estimates, visited White City where are the mines of the Kingston Coal Company, in the south part of the county near the Muhlenberg county line, and whipped and abused John William, the only watchman on the works.

Johnson was treated in a brutal manner and the mob left with the warning that the thing must be kept still until morning. The raiders went to the boiler room and sounded the whistle in order to create an alarm that would bring the watchman into their hands. Williams went to the place and was met by a number of guns thrust into his face. They put him on the coal company's locomotive and ran it some distance from the mine, where they took him off and beat him cruelly.

It is not known here whether any members of the party were recognized. One report says tracks were found indicating that some of the raiders may have traveled to White City in Antioch. No news of the occurrence was heard until this morning.

OUR APPRECIATION

On the evening of October 23, beginning at 8:00 o'clock, the Ladies' Aid of the Missionary Baptist Church gave a highly delightful and elaborate social. From Alpha to Omega (beginning to end) of the hour the house was made balmy and hilarious by the congenial faces and happy hearts of a large gathering of our church people and their friends. The church was beautifully decorated. After a brief space of social intermingling there followed a splendidly rendered program consisting of music, songs and recitations by some of the Sunday School pupils, and two very fitting and classical songs by Mrs. King and Mrs. Evans, respectively. Then came refreshments of ice cream and cake, which were delicious. And last of all, but not least, a freewill or voluntary offering was made to the Church Building Fund. This contribution reached the high mark of \$68.50 which amount far exceeded anything that had been anticipated. We are deeply grateful to one and all for their generous gifts. And be it said with all emphasis that this far-reaching occasion with its incalculable results is solely due to the wisdom and untiring efforts of the Ladies' Aid. To them is awarded the credit for such an excellent and unprecedented affair.

Chaffing Dish Party

A chaffing dish party was given at the residence of Mrs. D. M. Evans last night in honor of Miss Mamie Hill, of Fulton, Ky., by Miss Freda Heller, Hazel Fawcett and Emma Bedford. Quite a number of guests were present and all had a hilarious time.

ARE YOU SAFE

YOU don't save money to be independent merely.

Public opinion does not influence you to save to make you independent, merely; nor does this bank.

There is another reason:

You save (or you ought to save) not only to make you independent but DEPENDABLE.

Saving makes you a responsible person; you become SOMEBODY.

The man who can save and does not isn't safe.

Peoples Bank of Earlinton, Ky.

J. T. Alexander, Pr. F. B. Arnold, Cashier

The Bee

PAUL M. MOORE,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
J. E. PAWLOTT
ASSOCIATE EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER

Member of
Kentucky Press Association
and
Second District Publishers League

Branch Office in Madisonville, Kentucky, Miss Lucy Faucett, Manager,
Phone No. 71-2 Rings

Telephone 47

Advertising Rates

Display Advertisements,
single issue 15c per inch
Locals and Inside Pages,
Readers 10c per line
Resolutions and Cards of
Thanks 5c per line
Obituary Poetry 5c per line
Slight reductions on time
contract display advertise-
ments. Also locals that run
several months without change

Entered at the Earlington
Post Office as Second Class
Matter.

Friday, October 30, 1914

WAR SAYS

ALL QUIET IN MARS

Things quiet seem among the stars,
And that is quite a boon.
There is no turbulence in Mars,
No warfare on the moon.
The other planets seem benign
As peacefully they glow.
On none of them we see a sign
Of violence or woe.
While this war is the biggest fight
That ever time brought forth,
It looks at least as if we might
Confine it to the earth.

—Louisville Courier-Journal

Keep Your Stomach and Liver Healthy

A vigorous stomach, perfect work-
ing liver and regular acting bowels
is guaranteed if you will use Dr.
Kidd's New Life Pills. They are
sure. Dr. Kidd's New Life Pills
cure all liver and stomach troubles,
indigestion, constipation, biliousness,
efficiency on the whole system. Purify
your blood and rid you of all body
poisons through the bowels. Only
25c. at your Druggist.

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney
and bladder troubles, dissolves grav-
el, cures diabetes, weak and lame
backs, rheumatism and all irregu-
larities of bladder troubles, remov-
ing gravel, the kidneys and bladder
in both men and women. Regulates
bladder troubles in children. If not
sold by your druggists will be sent
by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One
small bottle is two months treat-
ment and seldom fails to perfect a
cure. Send for testimonials from
Kentucky and other States. Dr. E.
W. Hall, 2928 Olive St., St. Louis,
Mo. Sold by Druggists.

IN EARLINGTON

The Evidence Is Supplied by Local
Testimony

If the reader wants stronger proof
than the following Statement and
experience of a residence of Earl-
ington, what can it be?

Mrs. Pearl Walton, Earlington,
Ky., says: "Some years ago I began
to suffer from weak kidneys. I did
not pay much attention to the trou-
ble at first, but when I found that
the kidney secretions were unnatur-
al, I knew that something must be
done. My rest was broken at night
and in the morning I was tired and
worn out. My Mother had had
great benefit from Doan's Kidney
Pills, so I bought a box. The
cure was complete and I am
in good condition since."

Price 50c at all dealers. Do not
simply ask for a kidney remedy—
get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same
that Mrs. Walton had. Putnam
Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE SEED

The Bee has received a letter from
Senator Johnson N. Camden stating
that he is sending The Bee a large
quantity of seed for free distribu-
tion. When these seed arrive a no-
tice of same will be published and
any one desiring a portion of the
seed may have same by calling at
this office.

OUR WOOLTEX SUITS

Are more than Qualified to uphold our Reputation as a
Value Giving Store. They are Exceptional in every re-
spect--In Style, Quality, and every Detail of Cut and
Finish. They will Fit any shaped Woman, Man or
Young Man, and will give you the best satisfaction of
anything you have ever worn. We have them priced
from \$20. up. A large line of others Makes from \$10. up.

St. Bernard Mining Company

INCORPORATED.

Earlington Store

MEN

AND

WOMEN

WANTED

to sell the most remarkable bargain in
the magazine world this year.

	REGULAR PRICE	BOTH
EVERYBODY'S	\$1.50	\$2
DELINERATOR	\$1.50	
Total	\$3.00	

A monthly salary and a liberal commission on each
order. Salaries run up to \$250 per month depend-
ing on the number of orders. This work can be done in
your spare time and need not conflict with your
present duties. No investment or previous experi-
ence necessary. We furnish full equipments free.

Write for particulars to

The Ridgway Company
Spring and Macdonald Streets New York

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it
has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation,
Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and
Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels,
assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Original William Irvine
Fayssoux, to Appear Here
Next Week.

The announcement of the forth-
coming engagement of Fayssoux,
the youthful prodigy, whose
achievements in mental telepathy
and hypnotism have been the
talk of the large cities of the
country for years will be received
with uncommon interest. His
demonstrations in the occult
sciences surpass the most fantas-
tic marvels attributed to the pa-
ros priests and metaphysicians of
the Hindu temples.

The human mind is to Fayssoux an open book, which he
reads with unerring accuracy.
The mind reading exploits of the
telepathists, spirit mediums, and
other charlatans whose fakes
have excited wonder because of
the cleverness of the impostors
who have been practising before
the public for years, are eclipsed
by the bonafide demonstrations
of the Great Fayssoux. The mar-
velous exhibitions Fayssoux gives
convince the most skeptical of
his extraordinary psychic art.

He submits to tests that prove
beyond the shadow of doubt that
his performances are absolutely
genuine and above reproach.

Fayssoux will begin an engage-
ment of 3 days next week. His
performances are unlike any
thing ever before presented to
the American public. The audi-
ence is alternately convulsed
with mirth, stricken with awe,
and bewildered by the ever
changing character of the enter-
tainment.

Beware of Quinments for Catarrh
that Contain Mercury.

At a time when nearly every one is
suffering from Catarrh of the Bladder,
it is not surprising that the public
is attracted to the various remedies
offered for its cure. Many of these
remedies, however, contain mercury,
which will do little good and may
possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh
Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., To-
ledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken inter-
nally, acting directly upon the blood and the
surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh
Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken
internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Che-
ney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Value of Service IN

Women's, Misses and Childrens Suits, Coats and Skirts

Our garments are not only made with care and skillful tail-
oring. But carry the very newest and most wanted styles
of the season at the

Lowest Price Quality Considered

For this week I shall make some very special showing
in Ladies' and Misses Ready-to-Wear both in **Style and Price**

Suits and coats that women with one eye to style and
the other to economy will appreciate. I have a good
assortment to select from no two Suits the same style, Broad-
cloth, Poplin, Men's wear, Serges, Gaberdines and fancy
Novelties.

Suits, \$9.50 to \$25

Coats, \$1.50 to \$18

In connection to my Suits and coats I am showing
some of the very newest things in ladies shoes in walkover
and Standard Quality makes \$1.50 to \$4.00.

H. D. COWAND

ESTABLISHED 1868

CLOTHING

HATS

STROUSE & BROS

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

THIS STORE NEVER STANDS STILL:—

WE FOLLOW STYLE SO CLOSELY THAT IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO ASK FOR ANYTHING NEW AND CORRECT IN WEAR FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS THAT WE CANNOT SHOW YOU.

AS MANUFACTURERS WE ARE IN TOUCH WITH THE BEST STORES IN THE COUNTRY—KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAS THE CALL IN THE CITIES AND HAVE IT HERE IN EVANSVILLE FOR YOU.

AND IT COSTS NO MORE TO KEEP DRESSED IN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE STYLES HERE—

SUITS AND OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN \$10 to \$35. SUITS AND OVERCOATS FOR BOYS \$2.50 to \$15. "HAWAIIAN SHOES," "MANHATTAN SHIRTS," "KNOX AND STETSON HATS."

RAILROAD FARES REFUNDED ACCORDING TO MERCHANTS' REBATE PLAN

MAIL AND TELEPHONE ORDERS SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST AT OUR EXPENSE

Can This be True?

THE PARCEL POST is a splendid institution which ought to be fostered and perfected. But we are sometimes disturbed by the feeling that the rates are not adjusted as well as might be, and that the Post Office Department, in common with all other Government departments, hasn't got a system of accounting good enough to guard against waste and inefficiency. These fears are renewed upon seeing the following paragraph in a recent issue of the "Railway Age Gazette":

A certain contractor has the mail star route between Holbrook and Snowflake, Arizona. Recently this representative of the Government bought 10,000 pounds of barley at Mesa, Ariz., on the Arizona Eastern, and shipped it by parcel post via Holbrook to Snowflake. The barley cost him 95 cents per 100 pounds at Mesa. The postage on it from Mesa to Snowflake was \$1.08 per 100 pounds. Therefore, laid down at Snowflake, the barley cost him \$2.03 per 100 pounds. For transporting the barley via parcel post from Holbrook to Snowflake, the contractor received from Uncle Sam \$2.25 per 100 pounds, or 22 cts per 100 pounds more than the cost of the barley with the postage on it to Snowflake.

Uncle Sam made this enterprising mail contractor a present of the barley and also of the transportation of it, and, in addition, gave him 22 cents for accepting his Uncle's beneficence. His 10,000 pounds of barley laid down at Snowflake cost him just \$22 less than nothing.

We give the paragraph as we found it, without investigation. If true, there's a good deal of explaining for some Government officials to do. Here is some thing for the Democratic Administration to get going right before it goes into the ocean freight business.

FINE ALUMINUM WARE

9 PIECE SET

THIS WEEK

FREE SPECIAL

FREE SALE

Monarch Malleable Range

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week we are showing how easily and with what delightful satisfaction, any housewife, of Earlington, can operate the

Monarch Malleable Range

One of our local townswomen is cooking and baking every day at our store with a Monarch and we want you to come and see.

No factory expert is needed to explain the good features of this range, nor to prove to you that it will do YOUR work in YOUR kitchen in a sensible way. We are explaining the many exclusive features of the Monarch and showing for your benefit, at the same time, just how it operates to do away with kitchen drudgery and save you a great deal of time and money as well.

Let us show you the top that needs no blacking, the duplex draft that insures an even baking heat, triple wall construction that makes the range last a life time and all the rest of the MONARCH features.

Plain Hardware Co., Madisonville, Ky.

The man who whispers down a well
About the things he has to tell
Will never reap a crop of dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and
"hollers"

News of the Town

FOR SALE—4 room house on Catholic hill for \$500 cash, cost \$1,000.

E. A. COENEN,
718 S. Hill St. Montgomery, Ala.
Jesse Phillips and wife, of St. Charles were in the city Wednesday shopping.

Walter Wright, of Carbondale was in town on business Wednesday.

Mrs. J. T. Featherstone was in Madisonville Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. W. K. Nisbet was in Madisonville Thursday afternoon.

Arthur Barnett of St. Louis was in town a few days visiting relatives.

The Misses Shanks, of Owensboro who have been visiting Mrs. Frank DeVoyder for a few days left for Madisonville Wednesday where they will visit Miss Zena Shanks.

James Lour of Nashville left Wednesday morning to visit relatives in Central City for a few days.

J. R. Nalve was in Evansville Wednesday.

Harman Vaughan who has been in Sebris for several weeks has returned to the city.

T. Richard, of Nashville was in the city of business Wednesday.

Mr. Roland Vaughan, of Slaughtererville, is in the city this week visiting his brother Mr. S. J. Vaughan.

Mrs. J. H. Fish and son, Frank, have returned from a visit to her parents in Nashville.

Mrs. Foster and daughter Mayme, were in Madisonville, Wednesday afternoon.

MOTHERS OF DELICATE CHILDREN

Should Read the Following Letter—Mrs. Slack's Story About Her Child's Recovery Is Entirely Reliable.

Palmyra, Pa.—"Three years ago my little girl had black measles which left her with a chronic cough and so awfully thin you could count all her ribs, and she coughed so much she had no appetite."

"Nothing we gave her seemed to help her at all until one day Mrs. Neilbert told me how much good Vinol had done her little girl, so I decided to try it for my little one, and it has done her so much good she is hungry all the time, her cough is gone, she is stouter and more healthy in color and this is the first winter she has been able to play out in the snow, coasting and snow-balling without any ill effects."—Mrs. ALFRED SLACK, Palmyra, Pa.

We know Vinol will build up your little one and make them healthy, strong and contented. Vinol is the only medicine of its kind and it is the only one that will build up your child, and you do not find it is all we claim, we will return your money on demand.

St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated
Drug Department

LOST—Watch Fob, with Elks Emblem made out of a quarter. Finder return to C. E. Barnett and receive reward.

William Ross, who has been visiting relatives in Louisville and Mayaville, for several weeks returned home Friday morning.

Mrs. Hey Brinkley and daughter Virginia, are visiting relatives and friends in Evansville this week.

Mr. Cleo Giannini, of Providence, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Frank Giannini, this week.

Ernest Rash, was in Madisonville on business Wednesday.

Ned Barnes was in Madisonville Wednesday afternoon.

HAIR BRAIDS, made to order.
Mrs. S. J. VAUGHAN,
Earlington, Ky.

Mrs. W. S. McGary and Mrs. John L. Long, spent Thursday in Morton Gap, the guest of Mrs. E. L. Bonning.

Mrs. James McDonald, of Madisonville, spent Wednesday in the city with her sister, Mrs. H. R. Browning.

Guy Peyton, who has been visiting friends in Sacramento, for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Mr. A. L. Cobb and son Clyde, who have been visiting in Florida, for the past two weeks have returned home.

Geo. Clement, of Madisonville, was in town Wednesday night.

Mrs. W. L. Lynn and daughter Agnes, who have been visiting relatives in St. Louis, for the past week will return to the city Saturday.

Miss Ethel Reesha, of Hopkinsville, has been the guest of Mrs. John Canister, for several days.

Mrs. Earl Stone, of Madisonville, spent Thursday in the city, with Mrs. Will Ross.

Miss Lurillus Coll, of Madisonville, was in the city Wednesday.

Roy Davis was in Madisonville Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hey Brinkley, went to Evansville Thursday, to visit relatives for a few weeks.

Good morning! Have you seen The Courier?

Evansville's best paper.
Miss Lute Baker, who has been the guest of Miss Catherine Howard for a few days has returned to her home in Hopkinsville.

Neal Spillman, of Guthrie, was in the city Wednesday night.

Miss Elizabeth Kemp, was in Madisonville Thursday shopping.

Ivan Springfield was in Madisonville Wednesday afternoon.

Robert Nourse spent the week end in Madisonville with his grandmother, Mrs. Nourse.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers Hunter, Tuesday morning a fine boy.

Locates in Brooklyn

James Sary Jr., of Madisonville, who for several months was co-sued with the Law firm of Jones, Yarnall and Co., New York, has now located in Brooklyn, where he has a splendid position as manager of the clerical department of the Law firm of Chilton & Levin.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purity the blood, use Burdick's Blood Purifier. It will cure you.

Your Fall Cold Needs Attention.

No use to fuss and try to wear it out. It will wear you out instead. Take Dr. King's New Discovery, relief follows quickly. It checks your Cough and soothes your Throat away. Prevents Bronchitis and Healing Croup. Get a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and keep it in the house. "Our family Cough and Cold Doctor" writes Lewis Chamberlain's, Manchester, Ohio, Monday back if not satisfied but it nearly always helps.

Four in One.

The youth had been asked to write examples of the indicative, subjunctive and potential moods and an exclamatory sentence. This is what he produced:

"I am trying to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. Heaven help me!"

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Bitter taste? Constipation? Liver perhaps needs waking up. Doan's Regulator for bilious attacks 25c at all stores.

Solve the servant question today.

Why worry along under the present unsatisfactory conditions when you can obtain one of the reliable—on the job, "day in and day out" kind that never lie, at a reasonable price.

Any of his present employers will give him the highest of recommendations.

He will be serving you just as faithfully 25 years from now as he does the day you get him.

You can't get a better, more reliable servant than

"South Bend"

Buy one now—it will save you a lot of trouble.

WILLIAM J. SULLIVAN

The acid test of watch character and accuracy.

Erie Cuts Shop Time

Sharon—The Erie Railroad Co. has posted notices at its different shops that the schedule of working hours will be reduced to forty hours a week. For some time past the shops have been operating forty-five hours a week. It is said that the shops must be kept within the appropriation which necessitates a retrenchment policy at the present time.

What Would You Do?

There are many times when one man questions another's actions and motives. Men act differently in circumstances. The question is, what would you do right now if you had a severe cold? Could you do better than to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is highly recommended by people who have used it for years and know its value. Mrs. O. E. Sargent, Peru, Ind., says "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is worth its weight in gold and I take pleasure in recommending it." For sale by all dealers.

More Troops from Canada

Ottawa, Ont.—With 35,000 Canadian volunteers already lauded in England and 8,000 under arms guarding strategic points in the Dominion, the government has decided to put 30,000 men into training in Canada and dispatch them to England in units of 10,000. The first unit is to be sent forward in December. Immediately another unit will take its place so 30,000 men continuously will be in training.

Why Not Publish It

When you want a fact to become generally known, the right way is to publish it. Mrs. Joseph Kallane, Peru, Ind., was troubled with belching, sour stomach and frequent headaches. She writes, "I feel it my duty to tell others what Chamberlain's Tablets have done for me. They have helped my digestion and regulated my bowels. Since using them I have been entirely well." For sale by all dealers.

House Cleaning Time is Here

Ten Days Special Sale in Druggets, Rugs, Mattings, Etc.

No old stock to offer. Every Drugget a brand new pattern. Every yard of Matting Fresh and new stock. I invite your inspection before making your purchase.

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Best Quality 25 Matting per yard		21c
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In connection to my Floor Covering sale I will offer you everything in curtain scene at a 10 per cent reduction.

Fresh Brand New Stock to Select From
A Look Will be Appreciated

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The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Boat," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

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CHAPTER I.

The Message of the Rose.

Lapped deep in the leather-bound luxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the saps of his neck) and, squinting discontentedly down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair filled so gracefully stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a sizable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air, suave and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a lithe, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses at her belt, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was dully conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, drinking deep of wine-scented roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So he could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was not real.

And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloying sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gluggerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-plucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional pinch.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his

a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unflattering belief that she had forgotten him.

And now the sign had come—but what the device did the tray of hearts mean?

When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance—nor any woman—had received the least warning of his disappearance. He was simply and sufficiently removed from English ken.

CHAPTER II.

The Sign of the Three.

Out-of-doors, high braced noon, a day in spring, the clamorous life of New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets.

Within-doors, neither sound nor sunbeam disturbed a perennial quiet that was yet not peace.

The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teeming shadows and sinister silences.

Little, indeed, was visible beyond the lonely shape that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motionless in a great, leather-bound chair.

His hair was as white as his heart was black. The rack of his bones, clothed in a thick black dressing-gown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woollen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing; a man seven-eighths dead, completely paralyzed but for his head and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked—this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a smallish man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"Well?"

"A telegram, sir—from England."

"Give it me!"

The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremulous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!"

Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"

"My birthday. I am twenty-one."

"And your sister's birthday? Rose, too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly. "Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common—beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness."

"And which would you say was—light?"

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me my mother was, while I—the girl smiled strangely—"I think—I am more your daughter than my mother's."

A nod of the white head confirmed the suggestion. "It is true. I have watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you know. Before I was brought to this—the wasted hand made a significant gesture—"I was a man of strong passions. Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Judith, you are like a second self to me."

An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited in a silence that was tensely expectant.

"Then, if on this your birthday I were to ask a service of you that might injuriously affect the happiness of your sister—?"

The girl laughed briefly. "Only ask it!"

"And how far would you go to do my will?"

"Where would you stop in the service of one you loved?"

Seneca Trine nodded gravely. And after a brief pause, "Rose is in love," he announced.

"Oh, I know—I know!" the father affirmed with a faint ring of satisfaction. "I am old, a cripple, prisoner of this living tomb; but all things I should know—somehow—I come to know in course of time!"

"It's true—that Englishman she scraped an acquaintance with on the Riviera last year—what's his name?—Law, Alan Law."

"In the main," the father corrected mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not English. His father was Wellington Law, of Law & Son."

She knew better than to interrupt, but her seeming patience was belied by the whitening knuckles of a hand that lay within the little pool of blood-red light.

And presently the deep voice rolled on: "Law and I were once friends,"

then—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart; too late she realized it was Law who loved. He never forgave me, nor I him. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for hating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us. In Wall street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived only to be what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his



We Both Loved One Woman.

chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment—they said; but I knew better. He died of fear of me.

Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a tray of hearts; it was my death-sign for him; as you know, our name, Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a tray of hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerve."

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great, the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; their alliance with the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more money; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent. I ceased to persecute mother and son, lulled them into a sense of false security, and by careful speculations repaired my fortunes. In Rose I had the lure to draw the boy back to America; in you, the one person I could trust."

"I sent Rose abroad and arranged that she should meet Law. They fell in love at sight. Then I wrote informing her that the man she had chosen was the son of him who had murdered all of me but my brain. It fell out as I foretold. You can imagine the scene of passionate renunciation—pledges of undying constancy—the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when she needed him, she would send him a single rose—the birth of a great romance!"

The old man laughed sardonically. "Well, there is the history. Now the rose has been sent; Law is already homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is in your hands."

The girl bent forward, breathing heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had assumed a waxen pallor.

"What is it you want of me?"

"Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or alive, bring him to me. But alive, if you can compass it; I wish to see him die. Then I, too, may die content."

The hand of hot-blooded youth stole forth and grasped the icy hand of death-in-life.

"I will bring him," Judith swore—"dead or alive, you shall have him here."

CHAPTER III.

The Trail of Treachery.

But young Mr. Law was sole agent of his own enslavement; just as he was nobody's fool, least of all his own. The hidden meaning of the tray of hearts perplexed him with such distrust that before leaving London, he dispatched a code telegram to his confidential agent in New York.

What do you know about the tray of hearts? Answer immediately.

The answer forestalled his arrival in Liverpool:

Trine's death sign for your father. For God's sake, look to yourself and keep away from America.

But Alan had more than once visited America incognito and unknown to Seneca Trine via a secret route of his own selection.

Eight days out of London, a second-class passenger newly landed from one of the C.P. steamships, he walked the streets of Quebec—and dropped out of sight between dark and dawn, to turn up presently in the distant Canadian hamlet of Baie St. Paul, apparently a very tenderfooted American woods-traveler chaperoned by a taciturn Indian guide picked up heaven-knows-where.

Crossing the St. Lawrence by night, the two struck off quietly into the hinterland of the Notre Dame range, then crossed the Maine border.

On the second noon thereafter, trail-worn and weary, as lean as their depleted packs, the two paused on a ridge-pole of the wilderness up back of the Allagash country, and made their midday meal in a silence which, if normal in the Indian, was one of deep misgivings on Alan's part.

Continually his gaze questioned the northern skies that lowered portentously, foul with smoke—a country-wide conflagration that threatened all northern Maine, bone-dry with drought.

Only the south offered a fair prospect. And the fires were making southward far faster than man might hope to travel through that grim and stubborn land.

Even as he stared, Alan saw fresh columns of dan-colored smoke spring up in the northwest.

Anxiously he consulted the impassive mask of the Indian, from whom his questions gained Alan little comfort. Jacob recommended forced marches to Spirit Lake, where canoes might be found to aid their flight; and withdrew into sullen reserve.

They traveled far and fast by dim forest trails before sundown, then again paused for food and rest. And as Jacob sat dully about preparing the meal, Alan stumbled off to whip the little trail-side stream for trout.

Perhaps a hundred yards upstream, the back-lash of a careless cast by his weary hand hooked the state of Maine. Too tired even to remember the appropriate words, Alan scrambled ashore, forced through the thick undergrowth that masked the trail, found his fly, set the state of Maine free—and swinging on his heel brought up, nose to a sapling, transfixed by a rectangle of white past-board fixed to its trunk, a tray of hearts, of which each pip had been neatly punctured by a 22-caliber bullet.

He carried it back to camp, meaning to consult the guide, but on second thought, held his tongue. It was not likely that the Indian had overlooked an object so conspicuous on the trail.

So Alan waited for him to speak—and meantime determined to watch Jacob more narrowly, though no other suspicious circumstance had marked the several days of their association.

The first half of the night was, as the day, devoted to relentless progress southward; thirty minutes of steady jogging, five minutes for rest—and repeat.

No more question as to the need for such urgent haste; overhead the north wind muttered without ceasing. Thin veils of smoke drifted through the forest, hugging the ground, like some weird acid mist; and over the curtailed heavens glared, livid with reflected fires.

By midnight Alan had come to the bounds of endurance; flesh, bone and sinew could no longer stand the strain. Though Jacob declared that Spirit Lake was now only six hours distant, as far as concerned Alan he might have said 600. His blanket once unrolled, Alan dropped upon it like one drugged.

The sun was high when he awakened and sat up, rubbing heavy eyes, stretching aching limbs, wondering what had come over the Indian to let him sleep so late.

Of a sudden he was assailed by sickening fears that needed only the briefest investigation to confirm. Jacob had absconded with every valuable item of their equipment.

Nor was his motive far to seek. Overnight the fire had made tremendous gains. And ever and anon the wind would bring down the roar of the holocaust, dulled by distance but not unlike the growling of wild animals feeding on their kill.

Alan delayed long enough only to swallow a few mouthfuls of raw food, gulped water from a spring, and set out at a dog-trot on the trail to Spirit Lake.

For hours he blundered blindly on, holding to the trail mainly by instinct. At length, panting, gasping, half-blinded, he staggered into a little natural clearing and plunged forward headlong, so bewildered that he could not have said whether he was tripped or thrown; for even as he stumbled a heavy body landed on his back and crushed him savagely to earth.

In less than a minute he was overcome; his wrists hitched together, his ankles bound with heavy cord.

When his vision cleared he found Jacob within a yard, regarding him with a face as immobile as though it had been cast in the bronze it resembled.

Beyond, to one side, a woman in a man's hunting costume stood eyeing the captive as narrowly as the Indian, but unlike him with a countenance that seemed aglow with a fierce exultation over his downfall.

But for that look, he could have believed hers the face that had seduced

him overseas to this mortal pass. Feature for feature, even to the hue of her tumbled hair, she counterfeited the woman he loved; only those eyes, aflame with their look of inhuman ruthlessness, denied that the two were one.

He sought vainly to speak. The breath rustled in his parched throat like wind whispering among dead leaves.

Thrusting the Indian roughly aside, the woman knelt in his place by Alan's head.

"No," she said, and smiling cruelly, shook her head—"no, I am not your Rose. But I am her sister, Judith, her twin, born in the same hour, daughter of—can you guess whose daughter? But see this!" She flashed a card from within her hunting shirt and held it before his eyes. "You know it, eh? The tray of hearts—the symbol of Trine—Trine, your father's enemy, and yours, and—Rose's father and mine! So, now, perhaps you know!"

A gust of wind like a furnace blast swept the glade. The woman sprang up, glanced over-shoulder into the forest, and signed to the Indian.

"In ten minutes," she said, "these woods will be your funeral pyre."

She stepped back. Jacob advanced, picked Alan up, shouldered his body, and strode back into the forest. Ten feet in from the clearing he dropped the helpless man supine upon a bed of dry logs and branches.

Then, with a single movement, he disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

Many Waters.

Overhead, through a rift in the foliage, a sky was visible whose ebony darkness called to mind a thunder-cloud.

The heat was nearly intolerable; the voice of the fire was very loud.

A heavy, broken crashing near by made Alan turn his head, and he saw a brown bear break cover and plunge on into the farther thickets—fore-runner of a mad rout of terrified forest folk, deer, porcupines, a fox or two, a wildcat, rabbits, squirrels, partridges—n dozen more.

Two minutes had passed of the ten. Something was digging uncomfortably into Alan's right hip—the automatic pistol in his hip pocket, of which Jacob had neglected to relieve him. Then a sharp, spiteful crackling brought him suddenly to a sitting position, to find that the Indian had thoughtfully touched a match to the pyre before departing. At Alan's feet the twigs were blinding merrily.

It would have been easy enough, acting on instinct, to snatch his limbs away, but he did not move more than to strain his feet as far as their bonds permitted. Conscious of scorching heat even through his hunting boots, he suffered that torture until a tongue of flame licked up, wrapped itself round the thick hempen cord and ate it through.

Immediately Alan kicked his feet free, lifted to a kneeling position, and crawled from the pyre.

As for his hands—Alan's hunting-knife was still in its sheath belted to the small of his back. Tearing at the belt with his hampered fingers, he contrived to shift it round until the sheath knife stuck at the belt-loop over his left hip. Withdrawing and conveying the blade to his mouth, he

freed himself down upon the innermost timber, turned, and let his body fall backward, arms extended at length, and swung, braced by his feet beneath the outer timber.

With a swiftness that passed conscious thought, he was aware of the canoe hurtling onward with the speed of wind, its sharp prow apparently aimed directly for his head. Then hands closed round his wrists like clamps; a tremendous weight tore at his arms, and with an effort of inconceivable difficulty he began to lift to drag the woman up out of the foaming jaws of death.

Somehow that impossible feat was achieved; somehow the woman gained a hold upon his body, shifted it to his belt, contrived inexplicably to clamber over him to the timbers; and somehow he in turn pulled himself up to safety, and sick with reaction sprawled prone, lengthwise upon that foot-wide bridge, above the scorching abyss.

Later he became aware that the woman had crawled to safety on the farther shore, and pulling himself together, imitated her example. Solid earth underfoot, he rose and stood away, beset by a great weakness.

Through the gathering darkness—a ghastly twilight in which the flaming forests on the other shore burned with an unearthly glare—he discovered the wan, writhen face of Judith Trine close to his, and he heard her voice, a scream barely audible above the commingled voices of the conflagration and the cascades:

"You fool! Why did you save me? I tell you, I have sworn your death!"

The utter grotesqueness of it all broke upon his intelligence like the revelation of some enormous fundamental absurdity in Nature. He laughed a little hysterically.

Darkness followed. A flash of lightning seemed to flame between them like a fiery sword. To its crashing thunder, he lapsed into unconsciousness.

When he roused, it was with a shiver and a shudder. Rain was falling in torrents from a sky the hue of slate. Across the lake dense volumes of steam enveloped the fires that fainted beneath the deluge. A great hissing noise filled the world, muting even the roar of the spillway.

It was then that he learned and bruised on the downward he fired—a rifle.

Trine and the Indian—the latter wielding the paddle.

In the set of turning toward the dam he saw Jacob drop the paddle. The next instant a bullet from a Winchester .30 kicked up a spurt of pebbles only a few feet in advance of Alan.

He quickened his pace, but the next bullet fell closer, while the third actually bit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time, he noted that the distance between dam and canoe had



A Tremendous Weight Tore at His Arms.

lessened perceptibly, thanks to the strong current sucking through the spillway.

His shot flew wide, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger, and he saw the paddle snap in twain, its blade falling overboard. And then the Indian fired again, his bullet dropping past Alan's ear.

As he fired in response Jacob started, dropped his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe.

Simultaneously earth and heavens rocked with a terrific clap of thunder.

He turned again and ran swiftly along the dam, toward two heavy timbers that bridged the torrent of the spillway.

Then a glance aside brought him up with a thrill of horror; the suck of the overflow had drawn the canoe within a hundred yards of the spillway. The dead Indian in its bow, the living woman helpless in its stern, it swept swiftly onward to destruction.

His next few actions were wholly unpremeditated. He was conscious only of her white, staring face, her strange likeness to the woman that he loved.

He ran out upon the bridge, threw himself down upon the innermost timber, turned, and let his body fall backward, arms extended at length, and swung, braced by his feet beneath the outer timber.

With a swiftness that passed conscious thought, he was aware of the canoe hurtling onward with the speed of wind, its sharp prow apparently aimed directly for his head. Then hands closed round his wrists like clamps; a tremendous weight tore at his arms, and with an effort of inconceivable difficulty he began to lift to drag the woman up out of the foaming jaws of death.

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With Red Roses at Her Belt.

thumb. Then he jumped up from the chair and glared suspiciously round the room. It was true that a practical joke in that solemn atmosphere were a thing unthinkable; still, there was the rose.

There was no one but himself in the library.

Perplexed to exasperation, Alan fled the club, only pausing on the way out to annex the envelope he found addressed to him in the letter-rack.

It was a blank white envelope of good quality, the address typewritten, the stamp English, and bore a London postmark half illegible.

Alan tore the envelope open in absent-minded fashion—and started as it stung. The enclosure was a simple playing card—a tray of hearts!

As for Alan Law, he wandered homeward in a state of stupefaction. He could read quite well the message of the rose. He would not soon forget that year-old parting with his flower of the Riviera: "You say you love me but may not marry me—and we must part. Then promise this, that if ever you change your mind, you'll send for me." And her promise: "I will send you a rose."

The year had passed with Alan

SUPPLEMENT TO THE EARLINGTON BEE

WAR IN THE EAST, PANIC IN THE WEST; GOD SAVE US FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

NO ONE SHOULD EAT HUMBLE PIE, BUT ALL SHOULD GET TOGETHER

Governor Willson Makes Earnest Appeal To Voters—Democratic Party Never Progressive

Voters Can Join Hands To Oppose the Policy Which Has Thrown Out of Employment More Than Half a Million Working Men and Put Another Million On Half Time—Republican Protection Builds Up

In opening his campaign for the senatorship at Louisville recently, Gov. Willson said in part:

"The votes against the Democratic party in 1912 were 1,360,961 more than those for it, but the Republican family quarrel split the majority vote. There were two sides to the quarrel and it will do no good to blame either side. There were splendid Republicans on both sides of the split, but they were and are Republicans.

"I realize how little any one man can do, but each must do all that he can, and so I say earnestly that the Republican party—our seven millions of Republicans so lately divided—are still against the Democratic party, its rule and its theories of government; that they are still in the majority, that they are still Republicans in principle, and that the division was not on principle.

"It is sure that the Democratic party would not have ruled this country but for the Republican split, and it is just as sure that it will continue to rule this country for two years and five months more of Woodrow Wilson's administration, and after that until all opposed to it unite. It is no use for either side to say that we won't do what we have to do. No one need eat humble pie, but all who wish to turn the Democrats out must get together. And the question is how long we shall stand the present rule and when and how we shall unite, not as Taft Republicans nor as Roosevelt Republicans, but just as Republican Republicans, under the time-honored name for all who are against the Democratic party.

"Every man who delays now puts off the day of our deliverance and continues our subjection to partisan tyranny, abuse and hardship.

"When we all voted together in the Republican party it was the true progressive party. The old Democratic party is not now, never was and never will be truly progressive.

"Why cannot all of us, who earnestly oppose Democratic rule, low tariff, high income tax inflation and the 'war tax' to pay deficiencies created by excessive appropriations and tariff reductions before the war, come together, without treaties, apologies or surrender of any cherished conviction or principle.

"We can all unite as Republicans because we all are Republicans. It is not as easy to unite as 'Progressives' because only a party of us ever were 'Progressives.' The name of the Republican party as the established opposition to the Democratic party for sixty years, is worth two or three millions of votes in any election. Why should we take a name that belongs to only part of us instead of a name that is our own and belongs to all of us?

"We can join to oppose the policy which has thrown out of employment more than half a million working men and put a million on half time, and turned American wages, trade and business to foreign countries and to foreign working men.

"We can unite in rebuking the President for putting Mr. Bryan in a position of power and dignity after his leadership was rejected by an overwhelming majority of our people for twelve years in three national elections.

"We can unite cordially and gladly to amputate the Democratic party from the White House, from the control of Congress and thousands of offices and from partisan federal control of all our business affairs. And we can unite to oppose the misallied war tax.

"And we shall get together with out treaties or surrenders, when we stop plotting temper above judgment, when we realize that the Republicans on both sides were honest, earnest, loyal and faithful to their country, its government and the principles for which they have always stood.

"Can we not all, and here, slightly resolve to stay out here and there, to amend the law and to

helping hand to every neighbor and brother, to put aside the faults and mistakes from which neither side has been free even in their own consciences, and that Kentucky shall be the good, old-time warm-hearted glorious Kentucky?

"After all, we are all at heart, one people, Republicans and Democrats, honest and patriotic and inspired by the same worthy motives. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a Democratic victory always has spelled hardship and national depression.

"I never treat any man or his opinion, political or religious, with disrespect. I ask for myself only what I give to every man, and treat every man with consideration and respect—of course our Democratic neighbor is just as sensible and patriotic as we are.

"But we have learned by sad and oft repeated experience that the Democratic party, made up of these good men, now in the fifth and worst experience of all, draws the fateful line between theory and practice and has settled it for the last time and forever—that the Democratic party never could and never can conduct any governmental business, national or state, even fairly, much less well.

"It did seem that trying it four times was enough and we never would try it again, and really, we never did try it again, directly, for in 1912 an immense majority was still against it, but the personal quarrel split the majority and the Democratic minority won, so that we are going through another fifth trial without ever having meant to do it, when an overwhelming majority intended no such thing, and all are seriously hurt, shocked, overwhelmed and discouraged at the result.

"Our first and greatest need is a starter for business and a stopper for the Democratic party. There are enough of us to accomplish both if we unite.

"It is no longer a question of conflicting theories, but a question of the complete collapse of business institutions and means and chances of making a living, of earning our bread and butter, right in the midst of the greatest crop of all time and human history. The Democratic theory has been demonstrated to be not merely mistaken, but ruinous, nor ruinous alone to the Republican North, but alike to the Democratic South, to the commercial and manufacturing East, and to the agricultural, mining and manufacturing West and Midwest.

"Let us extend the hand of good fellowship to every one who has voted with us. We were always glad to extend it to a Democrat, why not to a brother Republican who has for a time taken issue with his friends? In politics as in courting, two is company, and three is a crowd. This is no time to quarrel over platform planks, with the country going to ruin. I will build you a platform. My first plank is to defeat the present Democratic nominee for Senator. You will agree to that no matter to which faction you belong. My second plank is for a protective tariff equal to the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad. We can agree that the high cost of living has not gone down, but has gone up, while the means of earning the money to pay for the cost of living has gone down. As some one said, instead of making the dollar go further than it ever did before, the Democrats have made it go so far that it is like a dog made into a sausage meat, gone forever. If we stay split we stay whipped and deserve it.

"Now we are going to get together, it is coming, has to come, we cannot live without jobs or on half time and we are not all agreed that it has come, by here and we have all got together?

"Our depression and default had all fallen upon us before there was any war in Europe. The revenues were cut down, excessive appropriations two hundred million dollars a year more than ever before were being made and the bankruptcy of the treasury was in plain view long before the war.

GOV. AUGUSTUS E. WILLSON



Augustus E. Willson, of Louisville, Ky., Republican candidate for United States Senator from Kentucky, long term, beginning March 4, 1915, is well known to Kentucky and the nation. He is a Kentuckian, having been born in Mayesville, Mason County. He completed his education at Harvard College, and entered upon the practice of his profession in Louisville. He was for a while the law partner of Col. John M. Harlan, afterwards Supreme Court Justice Harlan. He served as Chief Clerk of the United States Treasury in 1875-8. He early became prominent in the councils and leadership of the Republican party, and as the Republican candidate made several races for Congress in the Louisville district. Although the odds were overwhelmingly against him, his fights were notable, and in at least one race he was beyond question fairly elected to Congress and was only deprived of his seat by the perpetration of the gross, admitted, frauds against him. He was delegate to five Republican National Conventions.

In 1907 Mr. Willson was the unanimous nominee of the Republican State Convention for Governor, and made a magnificent campaign, which resulted in his election by a majority of more

than 18,000 votes and the election of all his associates on the State ticket. He carried his home city, Louisville, by more than 9,000 votes. His record as Governor (1908-1912) was clean, strong and patriotic. He upheld law and order in the state, and by his vetoes and strong stand for economy defeated the wholesale extravagances attempted by Democratic legislatures. In the August primary of 1914 he was a candidate for, and received, the Republican nomination for Senator, long term.

Gov. Willson is a magnificent campaigner and vote-getter. His fine integrity, his life-time of unselfish public service, his pleasant relationship with the voters of all political parties, and his splendid record as Governor make him an ideal candidate in the "Back to Prosperity" fight now being waged in Kentucky. Thousands of Democrats supported him in the Governor's race in 1907, and thousands of Democrats and Progressives will support him in his race for the Senate.

In 1877 Gov. Willson married the daughter of Gen. James A. Ekin, U. S. Army, and ever since their marriage they have resided in Louisville, with the exception of their four years' residence in the executive mansion at Frankfort.

THE TOWN IS ON FIRE

Defenseless and despairing Democrats charge the Republicans with raising the cry of "panic." Would they have us stand by like a lot of blooming idiots and watch the town burn up and not "holler" fire!

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY

So the old Democratic donkey has at last been made to render some useful service. Some patriotic Democratic Louisville butchers are relieving the party from the odium of soup houses by feeding the great army of the unemployed on mule meat.

Voters, Remember!

The Democratic politicians promised in 1912 to increase prosperity and decrease the cost of living; they have destroyed prosperity and increased the cost of living.

The Democratic politicians in 1912 promised more economy and less taxes. They have provided less economy and more taxes, including war tax in time of peace.

The Democratic politicians in 1912 promised to exempt American coastwise vessels from Panama Canal tolls; they repealed the law providing such exemption at the behest of foreign nations.

The Democratic politicians in 1912 promised to smash the Trusts and boost legitimate business: They have smashed business and the Trusts are still doing business at the old stand.

The Democratic politicians in 1912 promised a better market for the farmers' products, and have given away their home market to the producers of foreign lands.

The Democratic politicians in 1912 promised social justice, and have done three million American wage earners the terrible injustice of taking away their jobs in order to furnish jobs for workers in foreign lands.

The issue of 1914 is bread and butter and a chance to earn it. Swat the politicians who played you for a sucker in 1912. Don't waste your vote on an also-ran party. Vote the straight Republican ticket and see the wheels go 'round again.

PRELIMINARY TO COMING CAMPAIGN

Vice-President Chas. N. Fairbanks
Speaks To Large and En-
thusiastic Audience

BUSINESS IS DEMORALIZED

Striking Parallel Between Conditions
To-day and Those Which Existed in
1894—Republican Party Stands Un-
rivalled as the Progressive Party of
America—Democratic Pledges Are
Not Kept.

Speaking to a large and enthusiastic audience in the Masonic Theater in Louisville, Mr. Fairbanks said in part:

The campaign in which we are engaged is merely preliminary to the great national campaign two years hence. Republican victory now will have very special significance and will make easier the next great contest for national supremacy.

Our demoralized business conditions which existed before the European war are appealing everywhere for the triumph of the Republican cause. This is merely a repetition of history not many years ago. We find a striking parallel between conditions to-day and those which existed in 1894.

We find to-day everywhere among wage earners and capitalists a thorough determination to end the present uncertainty and to strike down the policies inaugurated by the Democratic party which have produced hard times, curtailed the pay roll and generally unsettled business.

The Republican party stands unrivalled as the progressive party of America. Throughout its whole career it has been constructive and in the best sense progressive.

It has never been moved to rashness by the hysteria of the hour, nor has it failed to grapple with the most difficult problems which lay in our pathway. Its administration of public affairs has been characterized by sanity of judgment and by success.

Industrial competition between nations is chiefly a competition between wages paid. Those nations paying the lowest wage would bring our wages to practically their low level were it not for the Republican system of protection. We do not claim that Republican tariff laws are absolutely flawless; we insist, however, that they are more nearly perfect than Democratic Free Trade.

Fortunately, in comparing Republican and Democratic tariffs we are not left to mere guess work or unsupported assertion; abundant experience has shown the beneficial effects of the former and the injurious results of the latter. Republican protection builds up; Democratic Free Trade tears down. Republican tariffs give work and wages to workmen in this country, while Democratic tariffs increase the work and wages of men in other countries. The former are American, the latter are un-American.

Democratic Pledges Not Kept.

Our Democratic friends came into power under a distinct pledge to reduce the number of offices, cut salaries and inaugurate economy in government. Have they kept the pledge which they solemnly made? We may search in vain for its fulfillment; for the present Congress holds the record of large appropriations. It has appropriated, or will appropriate, more than \$100,000,000 in excess of the preceding Congress. And were it not for the sharp Republican opposition which the administration encountered in both branches of Congress the appropriations would have been much larger than they have been in many millions of dollars. We have to thank the Republican minority and not the Democratic party for such limitation upon expenditures as has been made. The exigencies of the campaign alone restrained the latter from making further unjustifiable raids upon the public treasury.

Congress is working overtime in an earnest effort to raise \$100,000,000 annually by increasing taxes here and there and by searching for new subjects of taxation. No matter what the form of the additional tax shall be, no matter whether it is upon one industry or many, it must ultimately come out of the pockets of the entire people.

This enormous sum is made necessary because of the millions upon millions of dollars which we have thrown away in the reduction or entire removal of tariff duties on competitive products. I say unnecessarily because the reduction or removal of duties has not lowered the cost of the product, added to the American consumer. When the duties on the European

law with a prodigal hand put many articles on the free list and reduced the duty on others our foreign competitors, being men of keen commercial instinct, added to the cost of their goods the amount of the concession, so that while we have lost millions of revenue, our consumers have not benefited, the lost revenue has simply gone into the pockets of our competitors in other lands.

NATION IN SMALL HANDS

Critically surveying the work of the Wilson administration, whose commission to rule is not from a majority of American voters, but through temporary division of those voters who agree upon the great principles of protection and sound business principles, the observer, though a Republican, can scarcely repress without regret that free silver and Bryanism have driven most of the really great men out of the Democratic party or retired them from active leadership. It would be manifestly unfair to impeach the good faith or integrity of the President or a majority of his Congress, but to keep Congress in continuous session for nearly two years grinding out a great mass of new and experimental legislation, whose only effect, so far, is to embarrass business with uncertainty and doubt, is a national disaster of wide proportions.

Noting the narcotic effect of this blundering policy the President subjects himself to ridicule by declaring this unhappy condition to be wholly psychological, and the Secretary of the Treasury childishly threatens the bankers with damaging exposures unless they relieve the financial stringency caused by blundering at Washington.

The Democratic school children have driven the masters from the house and are proceeding to damage the books and smash the furniture.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONFIDENCE

President Wilson, speaking before the Reserve Board, of the bad state of business throughout the country, said: "My feeling about the present situation is this: The only thing lacking is confidence." Guess you are right, Mr. President, but why don't you supply the confidence?

The President continued: "We are more nervous than there is cause for, and if we go about business as if nothing were happening, business will take care of us as we take care of it." But, Mr. President, something has happened. You have repealed the protective tariff law and passed an experimental currency law and generally made the future dark, doubtful and uncertain. If it is not your Administration what is it the people lack confidence in?

PENDERGAST RETURNS TO G. O. P.

William A. Pendergast, former Comptroller of the city of New York, one of the pivotal lights of the Bull Moose movement in 1912, and the man who placed Theodore Roosevelt in nomination at the rump convention at Chicago in 1912, has returned to the G. O. P. and is stamping Illinois for the Republican ticket.

Noting the calamity following Republican division two years ago, Mr. Pendergast says what we need now is "less of the noise of Armageddon and more plain United States."

"DADDY" MAPLE'S PHILOSOPHY

"Daddy" Maple, a saw mill employer at Narrows, a down-state village, is neither a politician nor a philosopher, but his comment on the Democratic panic is worth quoting. After the mill had shut down for want of orders, and the idle men were sitting around the village discussing the hard times, "Dad" quaintly remarked: "I have gone through wars and I have gone through Democratic administrations, but I'll be d—d if I ever had the hard luck to strike both at the same time before."

THE DEAD MOOSE

The Louisville Herald, commenting on the all-at-once activity of the Democrats in bringing cabinet officers, Senators and Congressmen to Kentucky to speak from a special train, says: "One suspects that the Democratic may have 'smelt a mouse', and the Herald continues, 'they will discover it is not a mouse but a mouse.' For once the Herald is right. The smell of the dead mouse is the Democrats, for they must have a united Democratic party in Kentucky."

SECRETARY McADOO ATTEMPTS TO CONCEAL CAUSE OF TROUBLE

With a Congressional election approaching and a big army of unemployed in a state of unrest, the administration leaders are in despair. Secretary McAdoo attempts to conceal the real cause of the trouble by quarreling with individuals for not depositing their money in the banks and with the banks for not lending it.

He says: "There is evidence in some quarters that individuals and corporations are hoarding money. It is just as reprehensible for them to do this as it is for the banks. There is no reason why the people should not deposit their money in the usual

way with absolute confidence, and there is no reason why business should not be conducted in the usual way."

Here is admission by the highest Democratic authority that the business of the country is paralyzed. That individuals are afraid to deposit their money in the banks, corporations afraid to extend their business and the banks afraid to loan their money. And yet, Secretary McAdoo insists there is no reason for it and charges it up to the pious cussedness of individuals, corporations and banks. If the Secretary will supply the confidence the country will respond with the business.

PEOPLE BETRAYED BY BALTIMORE PLATFORM

PLATFORM BINDING UPON EVERY
HONEST MAN WHO RUNS UPON
THAT PLATFORM.

Secretary Bryan, in a speech before the Pennsylvania Legislature nearly one year after the Baltimore convention lays down Proposition.

Secretary Bryan, who is, next to the President himself, the highest authority of the Wilson administration, in a speech before the Pennsylvania Legislature nearly a year after the Baltimore convention said:

"I lay it down as a proposition, and I am prepared to defend it anywhere, a representative who secures office upon a platform and holds the office and betrays the people who elected him is a criminal worse than the man who embezzles money entrusted to him. A platform is binding upon every honest man who runs upon the platform." Woodrow Wilson and his Democratic members of the House of Representatives were elected on a platform that read:

"We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama canal."

April 2, 1914, 240 Democrats became criminals, if Mr. Bryan is worthy of belief, by voting to repeal the Sim's bill which repealed the exemption clause in the canal act. A few days later if we credit Mr. Bryan as administration authority, President Wilson classed himself with the embezzlers of money by approving the repeal act.

The Democratic platform of 1912 declared positively for the limitation of presidential tenure to one term. Mr. Bryan pleads guilty to his own specification of criminality by endorsing President Wilson for a second term.

GOING GLIMMERING

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who was the Democratic leader before Underwood, and who berated his colleagues in the Senate for quarreling over the selection of reserve cities and other matters, declared the party was beginning to do just what it could be counted upon doing every time.

"The poor dear old foolish Democratic party," said the Democratic Senator, "is going through the same game that she can generally be trusted to go through soon after she gets into power." "That is the Democratic party true enough," he continued. "That is its history. That is what led Speaker Tom Reed to say, in 1894 and 1895, 'You can't last long because you are not accustomed to governing anybody or anything; you cannot govern the country because you cannot govern yourselves.'" — Washington (D. C.) Post (Dem.).

WHAT PROGRESSIVES ARE SAYING

Herman Grouf, a business man of Terre Haute, Ind., says: "The best interests of the United States demand that all who believe in the policy of protection for American homes and American industries unite in solid opposition to the Democratic party, which is again demonstrating that its governmental policies do not work to the satisfaction and welfare of the people. I was a Progressive in 1912, but I am like numbered thousands who, in voicing a protest, did not forsake the cardinal principles of the Republican party. The Republican party has responded promptly to public demand."

TERSELY TOLD

The Cincinnati Enquirer, a Democratic newspaper of national standing, concludes an editorial on "Increasing Taxation" in the following terse and concise language:

"This war tax is not popular. It will be resented by the people. It was not good business judgment to impose it. It was exceedingly bad political wisdom to pass it."

SNAP SHOTS

President Wilson declares the Nation-wide industrial depression is purely psychological. If it is, may the good Lord save us from the concrete form.

National Committeeman Urey Woodson's Owensboro Messenger speaking editorially Jan. 14, 1914, says:

"It is not true, as stated yesterday, that there is a balance in the State Treasury after paying off outstanding interest bearing warrants. There were, Jan. 1st, still \$1,659,473.90 of outstanding warrants with only \$486,080.99 in the general expenditure fund. The Confederate pensions claims held up and the expenses of the present Legislature will add \$1,000,000 to the state's overdraft by March 31."

While it may be justly claimed that the Republican candidates for U. S. Senator are better fitted for the duties of that office than their Democratic opponents, yet the fact should be present to the mind of every voter at the polls that it is the restoration of the government to sound Republican principles and the rebuke of an incompetent and business-wrecking administration that is at stake in the approaching election.

PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATES

For Congress in Fourth District Withdraws.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19.

At a meeting of the Progressive Committee at Elizabethtown last Thursday, Dudley C. Jones, their candidate for Congress, announced his withdrawal from the race and counseled his supporters to vote solidly for the Republican nominee, W. Sherman Ball, of Hardinsburg.

This action was taken after mature deliberation by the meeting and was agreed to by all present.

It was agreed that the Progressive movement had served its purpose and further effort to continue it as a separate organization would result in only giving aid and comfort to the common enemy. The practical disappearance of the Progressive party all over the country as shown by recent elections and registrations, was recognized and a resolution was unanimously adopted to support the nominees of the Republican party.

Mr. Jones is a brilliant young man and his sensible and patriotic conduct in this matter will give him rank among Republican leaders of the state.

AN EFFECTIVE CAMPAIGN

The Indiana State Journal says of Gov. Willson's candidacy for United States Senator:

"Gov. Willson of Kentucky, is making an effective campaign for election as United States Senator in the state of Kentucky, where he is opposing Gov. Beckham, whom he defeated in 1907 for election as governor. The Republicans of Kentucky are thoroughly disappointed, and nearly everywhere throughout the state the Progressives have moved over practically en masse to the Republican camp. Kentucky Republicans feel confident of the election of Gov. Willson, partly because of the evident landslide toward Republicanism, and partly because of Democratic factional division. Gov. Willson is very popular with Indiana Republicans, who are taking a lively interest in his campaign, and expect to hear of his triumphant election on November 3."

THINK IT OVER

Have you read the defense of the administration by the Democratic newspapers, or heard it from Democratic speakers? If you have, do their reasons satisfy you? Think it over. Has it in any way benefited you or your neighbors? We are not arguing; just asking you to answer the question to yourself. Isn't this fair?

RIGHTING A GREAT WRONG

The peace-war tax bill as reported by committee provided for a tax of five cents a gallon on rectified whiskey and twenty-five cents a barrel on beer, but at the last moment our Democratic public servants struck out the peace and burdensome tax on these staple necessities.

WILLIAM MARSHALL BULLITT



William Marshall Bullitt, Republican candidate for U. S. Senator from Kentucky, short term, was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1873, son of Col. Thomas W. and Anna L. Bullitt. He is a graduate of Princeton College, N. J. The Bullitt family, for generations, has furnished to the country lawyers of note, and it was but natural that William Marshall Bullitt should early turn to the law. Upon the completion of the law studies he entered upon the practice in Louisville in 1895 as a partner of his father, and soon distinguished himself. In the celebrated contest cases of Louisville and Jefferson county of 1905, involving the election of Mayor and other city and county officers, he was one of the chief counsel for contestants, and won distinction by his fearlessness, untiring energy and ability in unearthing and overturning the frauds of that election. The result of the contest, as determined by the Kentucky Court of Appeals, a Democratic tribunal, was the finding that the election named, was fraudulent, and the ousting of Democratic incumbents who had received certificates of election and who had served for several months, during the pendency of the contest cases. Thereupon a new election was held with the result that a Republican Mayor and an entire Republican city and county ticket was elected in 1907 by large majorities. Mr. Bullitt was thereupon appointed and served as Chairman of the Board of Public Safety, 1907-1909. In this fight for free elections Mr. Bullitt rendered, not only to his city and state, but to the whole country, a great service.

Mr. Bullitt was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1907 and was appointed Solicitor General of the United States by President Taft in 1912, and served until the close of Mr. Taft's administration. He therefore returned to Louisville and re-entered upon the practice of his profession.

In 1913 Mr. Bullitt married Miss Nora Isagi, of Boston, Mass., and they have their home in Jefferson county near Louisville.

ON THE GRIDIRON

DEMOCRACY'S GREAT NEWS-
PAPER ROASTS THE ADMIN-
ISTRATION.

Failures to Keep Faith With the People.

From Cincinnati Enquirer (Dem.).

The platform of the Democratic party, adopted at Baltimore in July, 1912, was a wise platform, a sound platform, a progressive platform and a popular platform, as evidenced by the election of a host of Democratic candidates—candidates swept into power by reason of the belief of the people that they would keep the faith pledged in the platform and promised in the campaign.

Every platform pledge that has not been kept constitutes a breach of faith with the voters.

Every departure from the pledges of that platform has been a departure

from the interests of the American people.

Every week that passes has demonstrated the wisdom of the men who framed and presented the platform, the sound political sense and good judgment of the members of the convention which adopted it, the good faith and honest intent of the voters who supported it, and the weakness of those who promised to carry out its pledges and failed to do so.

The promise to them was one thing; the performance a totally different proposition.

There was no pledge in that platform that should not have been kept with the American people and the Democratic party, nor the voters of the states of the American Union never authorized any change in the letter or spirit of that platform.

The Senators and Representatives who, elected as Democrats, repudiated the platform and violated the party pledge to the people, assumed a position that can never be justified in political morality, a position which is antagonistic to the spirit of our institutions and destructive of good government, and constitutes a denial of that recognition of responsibility to the voters which is essential in a republic.

The American citizens for two years have been killed or maimed along the Texas border and on the boundary lines of New Mexico and Arizona. Their constitutional rights are no protection from the guns of Mexican bandits.

The American refugees at Tampico last April were rescued by the gallant Captain and brave crew of the German cruiser Dresden, while our own vessels loitered in the gulf 15 miles away.

The American refugees at Manzanilla, robbed, insulted, spat upon by Mexican mobs, found refuge upon a German coaling ship, just arrived from Hongkong, and were carried safely to San Diego by its Captain while American cruisers, within 18 hours run, were lying idle at Mazatlan.

All this was not in accordance or in harmony with the declaration of the Baltimore platform, and this neglect of American men, women and children was not the fault of our gallant soldiers or sailors.

Rural credits were promised the people in the Baltimore platform, and the people of the agricultural districts of the South, the North, the West and the East know that promise has not been kept.

The Baltimore platform declared for a tariff for revenue, and within twelve months after the passage of the new law the country is told that war taxes in a time of profound peace are necessary to cover the expenditures of the government.

The Baltimore platform contains no authority for war taxes.

The Republican party never levied war taxes on people in time of peace.

Heretofore Republicans had a monopoly of levying war taxes, but when they did levy them it was to cover war expenses.

The Baltimore platform was right, the party was right in its declarations, the country was right in its approval of the platform, and those Senators and Congressmen who have been faithful to the platform and to its pledge to the people should be re-elected.

STATE FINANCES AND RESULTS OF REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC RULE

When Governor Beckham turned over the State government to the fiscal officers under Governor Willson, January 6th, 1908, there was a cash balance in the Treasury of \$1,180,055. The State fiscal year runs from July to July and not from January to January. At the time of this transfer, therefore, only one-half of the fiscal year had passed and yet Governor Beckham had collected of the total revenue for the whole year \$4,533,133.75, leaving only \$1,821,077.63 to be collected for the other half of the year by Governor Willson.

Notwithstanding the fact that Governor Beckham had collected \$1,356,028.08 more than half of the revenues for the whole year, during the first half of the year, there was due when he turned the government over to Governor Willson January 6th, 1908, \$1,339,283 on outstanding warrants, uncollected claims and unpaid appropriations; thus leaving, if all debts had been paid, a deficit in the Treasury of \$159,123.

In order to bring about this result Governor Beckham had collected from the United States government during his term, \$1,323,999.35 on account of war claims. But for this extraordinary collection, there would have been a deficit of practically a million and a half dollars.

At the close of Governor Willson's term, January 1st, 1912, there was a cash balance in the Treasury of \$269,718.94 and there was at that time outstanding warrants amounting to \$660,416.67, showing a deficit, after all claims had been audited and paid, of \$390,697.73. The reason for this deficit is clear. As stated above, Mr. Willson not only had to pay \$1,339,283 in debts inherited from Mr. Beckham's

administration, but he had to face the fact also that Mr. Beckham had already collected 75 per cent of all the revenues due for the whole fiscal year, although but one-half of the year had gone by.

In addition to this fact, the Legislature being Democratic, undertook to make appropriations which should consume as much of the revenues of the State as possible and thereby embarrass Governor Willson's administration by leaving no money to pay current expenses. In their efforts to do this, they made specific appropriations which were paid during his term, amounting to \$1,564,776.38. They increased annual salaries an aggregate of \$170,400 during his term; and also increased annual appropriations to sundry institutions an aggregate of \$499,000; thus, in addition to the debt he had to pay for them, burdening his administration with extraordinary payments amounting to \$2,234,176.38 without making any provision for their payment.

What are the conditions to-day? On the 10th day of October, 1914, there was a balance in the Treasury of \$707,497.62 and there were outstanding warrants against the State aggregating \$2,928,416.11, upon which the people are taxed to pay 5 per cent interest, amounting to more than \$146,000 a year.

All taxes for state, counties and cities are collected in pursuance of acts of the Legislature and all money paid out of the state treasury are paid under appropriations of the Legislature. The Legislature has never been controlled by the Republicans—but Mr. A. O. Stanley said it has been controlled by a lobby in the interest of Mr. Beckham.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS DEMOCRATS RULE

RESULTING IN WIDESPREAD IN-
DUSTRIAL DEPRESSION AND
HIGHER COST OF LIVING.

Much Optimism Prevails Among Re-
publicans in Regard to the Political
Complexion of the House of Re-
presentatives to Be Elected This Fall.

In well informed Republican circles much optimism prevails in regard to the political complexion of the House of Representatives to be elected this fall. Eighteen months of Democratic rule, resulting in widespread industrial depression and much higher cost of living, have aroused the voters to the necessity of attention to the business of government and they are turning with confidence to that party whose fitness to govern has been demonstrated throughout the more than fifty years of existence.

Another feature assuring Republican success in the practical disappearance of the Progressives as a party organization. The results of the 1913 elections showed clearly that those Republicans who supported Roosevelt in 1912 were Progressives for a season only and had no intention of permanently separating themselves from the Republican party, and the primaries and registrations of 1914 indicate that the movement has almost entirely collapsed.

A few instances will illustrate the rapid decline and the now practical disappearance of the Progressive party. In 1912 Taft polled in Kentucky 115,512 votes and Roosevelt 102,766. At the November election, 1913, the Republicans polled 125,000 and the Progressives polled 35,000, the greater part of which were polled in the city of Louisville, in the mayoralty contest. This large vote in Louisville is not to be taken, however, as a proper register of Progressive strength. The Republicans made no fight for the municipal offices and several thousand Republicans and Independents voted for the Progressive nominees because they were the only candidates waging an active warfare on the Democratic ticket.

In the August, 1914, primary, the Republican candidates for United States Senator polled 50,223 votes and the Progressive only 3,968, and the recent registration figures show that outside of the city of Louisville they have practically disappeared, registering less than a thousand votes out in the state.

Kentucky will certainly elect three and possibly five Republican members of the next House.

LET EUROPE WORRY

The Federal Reserve Board is just now worrying over providing the gold to pay the \$300,000,000 due in Europe to adjust the balance of trade.

It will sell \$300,000,000 worth of goods to Europe and buy the same amount from over there, no money necessarily changes hands. But if we buy from Europe more than we sell to it, the balance must be paid in gold. This is what has happened under the Democratic tariff law. Under a protective tariff, we always sell more goods abroad than we buy from it, and let Europe be the worrying one the hard way.

NO FRIENDS

Is it possible that endorsement of the Wilson administration is being asked for only by those who are drawing salaries under it? The editorial columns of the Louisville Courier-Journal and Times are noticeably barren of any reference to the Democratic candidates, and the Cincinnati Enquirer is openly denouncing both the tariff law and war tax measures as retrogressive legislation, and demanding their repeal.